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The Western Mystic, May 3, 1935

Moorhead State Teachers College

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These Euterpe Singers To Initiate Spring Concert Season



Euterpe Singers To Tour Southern Points Next Week

Twenty-Six Voice Co-ed Group
To Present Ten Programs
Thursday, Friday

The Euterpe Singers, a group of 26 co-eds under the direction of Miss Maude Wenck, are making a two-day tour of Minnesota towns presenting a total of 10 musical programs to high school and public audiences May 9 and 10. Collaborators with Miss Wenck are Dr. C. P. Archer, business manager; Senora Kvamme, librarian; and Millicent Prescott, in charge of programs.

Recital at Morris

A recital will be presented in Morris Thursday night featuring the following soloists: Millicent Prescott, contralto; Vivian Hemming, soprano; Florence Williams, soprano; and Lorraine Hendrickson, soprano; Beulah Lund and Adele Jensen, pianists.

Programs will be presented in Pelican Rapids, Fergus Falls, Elbow Lake, Hoffman, and Morris Thursday; and in Alberta, Chokio, Graceville, and Wheaton Friday. The concluding recital will be given in Breckenridge Friday night.

The personnel of the Euterpe Singers includes: First sopranos, Mildred Casperson, Gwendolyn Field, Carol Forsberg, Neva Haugen, Vivian Hemming, Lorraine Hendrickson, Clara Jorgenson, Senora Kvamme, Marie Sandanger, and Lillian Thompson; second sopranos, Barbara Gutzler, Signe Henjum, Thordis Henjum, Vivian Larson and Florence Williams; first altos, Elizabeth Brown, Jessamine Colehour, Ruth Hannaford, Monica McCarty, and Millicent Prescott; second altos, Mildred Lee, Beulah Lund, Helen Quande, Helen Rauk, Valborg Sorknes, and Jenny Williams; accompanist, Adele Jensen.

"Bits o' Blarney" To Be Staged Tonight

M. S. T. C. High School's Annual Operetta Will Cast Over Sixty

The M. S. T. C. high school presents its annual operetta, "Bits O' Blarney," tonight in Weld auditorium at 8 o'clock. A cast of over 60 has been working intensively under Miss Wenck and her student assistants, in order to offer a finished performance.

The plot of this Irish operetta revolves around Dr. Quack, who has lured most of the village girls away from their boy friends. Patrick, in the person of Thomas McCormick, has had a quarrel with Peggy, played by Elna Headland, and to play a joke, dresses up as a girl and has Dr. Quack make love to him. Mike O'Noole, a witty caretaker, played by Harold Nelson, clears up the confusion and has his laugh when Dr. Quack learns that Patrick has been fooling him, and a bigger laugh when Patrick finds out that Dr. Quack is really Peggy. Fannie Stusiak plays the part of Mary; John Hanson is Robert, Molly Preston, Agnes, and Borghild Headland, Rosie.

The performance includes several delightful choruses in charming Irish costumes, special Irish dances and between-act features.

ALICE JACOBSON PLACED

A teaching position has been received by Alice Jacobson, Wheaton, two-year graduate, in district 49, Traverse County.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Today—Rural Demonstration.
8 p. m.—H. S. Operetta in Weld Hall.
Tomorrow, 3 p. m.—Psi Delta Kappa Mother's Day Tea.
8 p. m.—Owl Second Degree.
Tuesday, May 7, 8:15 p. m.—Amphion Concert, Weld Hall.
Wednesday, May 8, 10 a. m.—Justice Devaney Contest, Chapel.
May 9—Affiliated School Play Day.
May 9, 10—Art Exhibit.
May 10—Athletic Carnival.
May 11—Sigma Tau Delta Convention.
9 p. m.—W. A. A. Dance.

85 Local Alumni Organize Chapter

H. J. Eininger, Fargo, Elected President; Hulda Gigstad, Moorhead, Secretary

Tuesday evening the Moorhead-Fargo alumni unit was organized in the Waldorf Hotel. The meeting was in the form of a dinner with about 85 alumni in attendance.

H. J. Eininger, principal of the Horace Mann school in Fargo, was elected president. Hulda Gigstad of the Moorhead schools was chosen secretary. Arrangements for the meeting were in the hands of H. J. Eininger and Bertha Rustvold, instructor in Moorhead Junior High School.

Talks by President MacLean and Dr. Archer, a vocal solo by Mrs. Kise, singing led by Audrey Sasselman, and motion pictures of campus activities made up the program.

Last Friday an alumni unit was organized at Battle Lake. Despite the bad weather about 15 former students attended. Agnes Bjerke was elected president; Eleanor Laing was elected secretary. Arrangements are under way for a meeting to be held at Detroit Lakes early next week.

HOILAND TO TEACH

Esther Hoiland, Shelly, two-year graduate, will teach the intermediate grades in Shelly next year.

GRONSETH SECURES JOB

A teaching position in a rural school in Wilkin County was received by Ella Gronseth, Rothsay.

MSTC Friends Hear New York, Chicago Amphion Concerts

Among those who attended the Amphion concert in Town Hall, New York City, on April 27 were: Miss Mary C. Rainey, long-time head of the Primary department of the M. S. T. C. Training School; Miss Florence Grove, graduate of 1933, and Mr. and Mrs. Gile J. Warren. Mrs. Warren, nee Ruth Hundebly, is a former supervisor at Oak Mound. Dr. H. J. Locke, former dean of men, and Mrs. Locke, former instructor of piano, attended the concert in Chicago.

Extemporaneous Contest For Devaney Awards To Be Held In Chapel

Four Students Will Take Part In Contest; Euterpe Singers Present Program

The Justice Devaney extemporaneous speech contest will be held at the regular chapel period next Wednesday morning. Alwin Cocking, Marcus Gordon, Russell Monson and Luverne Lewis will compete for the two prizes given by Justice Devaney of the Minnesota Supreme Court, last year's commencement speaker. The topics for discussion will be chosen by lot from a list of eight, all problems of current popular interest. All members of the student body will judge the speeches, and the result of their vote will determine the winners.

The Euterpe Singers presented part of the program which they will sing on their trip last Wednesday at chapel hour. Special numbers were "Agnus Dei," by Bizet-Boyd, a contralto solo by Millicent Prescott, and "Angel's Serenade," Braze, a soprano solo by Vivian Hemming. Beulah Lund gave a piano rendition of "Juggler," by Toch, and Adele Jensen played "Spanish Dance," by Granados, at the close of the program.

After the musical program, Dr. Archer made a few pertinent remarks regarding the part the present students of the institution play in insuring its future success. The institution was characterized by Dr. Archer as a great family including alumni as well as students and faculty, in which each part must work for the welfare of the other if the institution is to be successful.

This Issue Contains Literary Supplement

"The man is only half himself; the other half is his expression." If this is true, not doubting the words of the poet, we find in the Literary Supplement, published with this issue of the *Mystic*, poets and authors which have the expression of Don Quixotes, Hamlets, and a few Emersons and Brownings.

The selections range in style from the simplest in nature to the highest metaphysical form. They should appeal to the students of every class. There is a great variation of subject matter, but it proves that each student is striving for a literary style—or probably the ten dollar prize. This year's contest by the Mu Gamma chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, national English fraternity, has made our young writers' pen flow to the highest of his ability in producing good contributions.

In addition to those whose names appear with the writings and illustrations, Pete Meyers contributed to the supplement by making the etchings from the drawings for printing.

BRANDVOLD TO TEACH

Ethel Brandvold, Elbow Lake, two-year graduate, received a placement in district 15, Grant County.

EIDE GETS POSITION

Next year Selma Eide, Fergus Falls, two-year graduate, and member of the Art Club, L. S. A., Beta Chi, and Y. W. C. A., will teach the intermediate grades at Rothsay.

Amphion Chorus To Present Concluding Lyceum Number

Amphion Director



Daniel L. Preston, who will present his Amphion Chorus here on Tuesday evening after the now famous eastern tour.

Group Is One Of Most Highly-Lauded Men's Musical Organizations

Under the direction of Daniel L. Preston, musical director at M. S. T. C., the Fargo-Moorhead Amphion Chorus, one of the most highly-lauded men's musical vocal organizations in the United States and in the world, will appear in concert in Weld Hall Auditorium next Tuesday, beginning at 8:15 p. m. The concert is being presented by the Lyceum committee as the final number in the current series.

Chorus Tours East

The Amphion Chorus has been performing since Sunday April 21, in Wisconsin, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, D. C., and other points in the east. One instructor, Mr. Weltzin, and 10 students of the M. S. T. C., Lawrence Peterson, Dale Hallack, Hugh Price, Jules Herman, Vance Hallack, Vernon Schranz, Rudolph Peterson, Harry Stadum, Jerome Johnson and Lawrence Norin, accompanist, are members of the group.

The schedule consists of appearances in Sparta and Bangor, Wis., Preston's home, six appearances in New York City, a concert before the convention of the National Federation of Music Clubs in Philadelphia, a broadcast on the National Farm and Home Hour from Washington during which Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the president, spoke; a broadcast over the NBC network from Radio City, New York, appearances at Princeton University.

(Continued on page 4)

Rural Demonstration Attracts Educators

Guests To Visit Koester, Clearview, And Sunnyside Today

The 10th annual rural school demonstration conducted by the College and affiliated schools is being held here yesterday and today. The guests include members of the state department of education, county superintendents of schools, students from rural education departments of state teachers colleges and normal training instructors.

The visitors were divided into two groups on Thursday before they left the campus to visit the Oak Mound, Riverside, Grover and Gunderson schools. At the Gunderson school, the ladies of the district served refreshments.

On Thursday afternoon at the Gunderson school, Miss Bieri led a panel discussion on "Activities vs. Subjects in Rural Schools." A banquet held in Comstock Hall concluded the program for the opening day.

This morning the group left the campus at 8:45 to visit the Koester, Clearview and Sunnyside schools. A discussion was held at the Clearview school on "How the Class Utilizes Information in Solving Problems." The group will conclude its visit at Sunnyside by enjoying an exhibition of school projects and a demonstration of regular school work.

The rural education administrative and supervisory personnel for the College and affiliated schools is headed by R. B. MacLean, president; C. P. Archer, head of the department of education; Miss Bieri, director of rural training; and Miss Corneliussen, supervisor of affiliated schools.

Art Exhibit To Be Shown May 9, 10

Illustrated Art Appreciation Notebooks Are Special Attractions

Next Thursday and Friday have been set aside for the annual art exhibit as a part of the Spring Arts Festival which has become a tradition on the campus. In addition to being open throughout the day, the exhibit will also be shown Thursday evening.

The exhibit itself, which is open to everybody, is a collection of student art work in the various classes of the department. Townspeople and students of the College desiring to see the exhibit will be shown about by ushers and demonstrators chosen for the purpose.

The exhibit is interesting not from the point of variety alone, but mainly from the quality of the work. The illustrated art appreciation notebooks and those dealing with historic ornament are especially noteworthy.

Textile, batik and block printing, tie and dye work, place cards, and free hand work ought to be especially appealing to the women visitors.

Lettering, decorative letter maxims, design motifs, and printing are a few among many types of work. Mediums include pen-and-ink work, pencil, water color and tempera, and charcoal. Fine specimens of spatter work, figure composition, still life, and landscapes complete the exhibit.

Smith Expires With Dash Of Pen But Is Again As Sullivan

That headline might not be good enough poetry to rate the literary supplement but it does express a truth. In short, it is this: For fourteen years a certain James has been using the cognomen Smith, the back name of his stepfather. Now, for some unknown reason, probably a renewed interest in his paternal heredity, he has chosen to revert back to his legal title, Sullivan. So while it was Smithy who went through four years of college, it will be Sullivan who graduates and gets the degree this spring.

The Western MiSTiC

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Youth Moves

NOW THAT THE tumult and the shouting has died down from the college peace strike staged recently throughout the nation, the consensus of calmer opinion as to its value may be obtained. College editors are quite unitedly agreed that if the demonstration served no other purpose it did crystalize student opinion, and it did bring, quite forcibly, to the attention of the world the fact that American students are strongly opposed to all forms of war.

On the other hand, the demonstration has come up for much criticism because of the methods employed. Many sincere peace advocates feel that a whoopety-whoop, slam-bang peace parade is only a disguised expression of the much condemned war psychology, and not the proper means to express genuine peace interests. Such persons would rather place their reliance in the far less spectacular but probably more level-headed type of activity followed by the International Relations Clubs movement. International disputes result from ignorance and provincial intolerance, they believe, and the key to world peace lies not in noisy demonstrations but in a broad-mindedness and mutual respect based upon an intelligent understanding of international problems.

Though expressed by diversified means, these movements point towards the same goal—universal good will. The aggregate result is convincing even the most skeptical of the fact that there is a very definite and a very zealous youth movement in America today. American youth, it seems, is being aroused from its long-criticized smug complacency, and promises to make its first constructive contribution to national life. It is significant to note that this movement, unlike its historical counterparts in other nations, is not confined to national bounds; it points to a new internationalism.

Change Custom?

WITH JUST about 30 days left till the end of school, seniors' thoughts are naturally turning to thoughts of commencement. But some who are seniors are not making those anxious plans, for they are included in the group that have just a few hours of work to complete before qualifying for their degrees, probably planning to round out the work during the summer session.

Since there is only one commencement a year, these persons, although members of the class of '35, will wait until June of 1936 before receiving their degree. The reason for all this discussion is this: Would it not be possible for such seniors, who lack probably two or four hours of work, to participate in the formalities of commencement with the class with which they have been associated in college, and receive a blank diploma instead of a bonafide sheepskin at this time? This matter is not one of life and death importance, but it is just one of those little things which would enhance the value of the season to those concerned.

THERE ARE two kinds of students who brag about their grades—those who make mostly A's and those who come up with flunks.

It is necessary for the A student to describe how his high marks were made in order to avoid misconception that he might be an apple polisher. The flunkers must tell how they were discredited against, or else how little, after all, they really studied.—The Daily Kansan.

The teachers college of Columbia University (New York City) now offers a new degree—Doctor of Education.

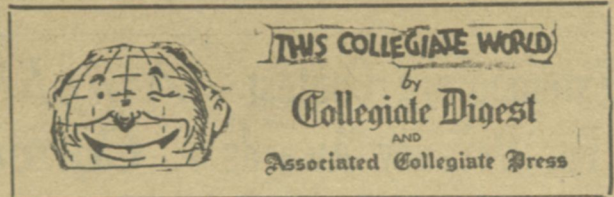
This Business of College

The Canine Invasion

DOGS! Lately the campus seems to be overrun with dogs—big dogs and little dogs—playful dogs and grouchy dogs—bull dogs and hot dogs—blond, curly haired dogs, and dogs with pink polka dots! So many dogs that a campus wag recently declared "the school is going to the bow-wow."

Somehow we can't help but love the little cusses. Only the most heartless brute could resist the appeal in the beseeching eyes, their whimsical antics, nagging barks, wagging tails, alert expressions, and browsing habits. Sometimes they get cold and hungry, but you never hear a word of complaint from a dog. No sir!

A great man once said that a man's dog is his most loyal friend. Though all others desert him, his dog will remain true. You may starve him or freeze him, you may punish or abuse him, but you can never question his loyalty. He will still risk his life for you and consider himself well rewarded with a pat on the head. The reason? It must be that many of these creatures have learned, in their mute way, a lesson that humanity has never learned from Christ's teaching—that the power of love is greater than the power of hate and fear.—Billings Polygraph.



One evening in October
When I was far from sober
And dragging home a load with manly pride,
My feet began to stutter
So I laid down in the gutter,
And a pig came up and parked right by my side.
Then I warbled: "It's fair weather
When good fellows get together."
Till a lady passing by was heard to say:
"You can tell a man who boozes
By the playmates that he chooses."
Then the pig got up and slowly walked away.
—Critograph.

Why Bring That Up?

Editors of the Daily Illini at the University of Illinois (Champaign) resurrected from their 1873 files this item: "Since the admission of girls to this university, not many boys go unshaved and uncombed, a still smaller number go collarless, and no one is found with his pants in his boots."

While searching for precious stones in California a Los Angeles Junior College student had to eat fried grasshoppers to appease some 500 Indians whose fiesta he interrupted.

Tables were turned at Columbia University recently when the Spectator, student newspaper, gave faculty members an intelligence test. The results—the average score indicated a mental age of 20.

The Book Shelf

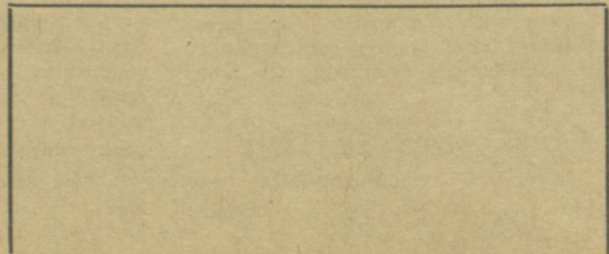
"THE TURKISH THEATER," by Nicholas Martinovich seems to be a treasure house of color. To the casual reader the Turkish theater might seem to be an obscure and unplowed field. Mr. Martinovich presents it in a fascinating light and gives distinctive portraits of the lives of the Turkish folk. The book is written for the average student looking for pleasure and amusement.

The Turkish theater has three types of popular drama: The theater of the garden or public square, the story teller's theater, and the puppet theater. Every type seems to be disappearing somewhat in modern times and it is thought that this book will preserve much of value.

Another work on drama of note is "English Shakespearean Criticism in 18th Century," by Herbert Spencer Robinson. It is the first complete account of Shakespearean criticism in the age of Pope and Johnson beginning in 1709, ending with Cumberland.

The book should appeal to students of Shakespeare, students of 18th century, and literary and dramatic critics.
—G. H.

Miss Tic, the Draggin' Dame, Sez:



These cold rains are alright for the ducks but they postpone canoeing season. This is my latest picture taken in a canoe, but modest as I am, I ducked into the canoe so you can't see me. (Editor's note: The canoe evidently slipped around the bend before the photographer snapped.)

National Merry-go-Round

An Analysis and Interpretation of the Highlights
Occurring in the Week's News
By Maynard Tvedt

HAVING tried to dispel the depression and banish unemployment first by means of the CWA, and later by means of the PWA, the Administration is now embarking on its third great experiment—the Work-Relief program. President Roosevelt realizes that the patience of the American people is not infinite and that some material improvement must be secured soon. Indications are that the utmost efforts will be employed to bring the WRP to fruition.

AS TIME passes with no material improvement in conditions, the possibility of a third party movement grows. Politically-minded persons will continue to watch with interest Father Coughlin and his National Union for Social Justice; Senator Long, who addressed the Farmers' Holiday Association at Des Moines last week amid

thunderous applause, and the LaFollette progressive movement in Wisconsin.

AS THE leading nations of Europe left Stresa and convened at Geneva, one may be tempted to question whether anything worthwhile was accomplished at the conference. However, the mere fact that no irrational action was taken is encouraging. The conference plans to assemble again in Rome later.

ENGLISH conservatives apparently believe that Great Britain cannot continue to hold the balance of power on the continent without endangering her national safety. For this reason pressure is being exerted internally, as well as externally, to cause England to join the anti-German forces.

THE UNITED STATES seems determined to embark on a militaristic program second to none. In addition to staging extensive naval maneuvers in Japan's "back yard" this summer, the War department is planning a great imitation war involving about 60,000 soldiers in New York almost within sight of the Canadian border. Japanese newspapers have already criticized our action and Canadian papers will probably follow.

Kampus Kapers

march 1st (wensdy)—too day i went down two the exchange and told everybody i saw that i would put there naim in the mistic for a bar of kandy each. gee, a lot of people i never new before calm up and gaim me nikels, burk sed he wood pay me toosday for his naim in the paper friday, but i was smart and sed i woodin do it. daiv hairis gave me fifty sents and told me too by all the kandy bars i wanted—if i ran out of munny he wood give me moor. i wonder why he got so genrus all of a sudden.

march 2st (thirsday)—i shure pulled a good won on the nerse, too day. i told hir i was silk and coodent kum too skool but i went too skool enyway. that sure is a good joak on hir. i'll bet she will be pirty mad when she finds out i wasn't sick at all. i shure am a awfull clever gy. i foid mis hum-fum to. i had a book that was do at the library tooday—she thawt i wood bring it bac tooday, but i'm not gona talk it bac for a hole week yet. i bet she'll shure boyl when she finds out how i pulld the wull over hir i's. i jest saw hynee stevenson an he sed i shood put his naim in the paper. i gess he wants two be populer with the gurls. (i don't think i'll put his naim in hear.)

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Normal Red Letter Earliest Magazine

By MILDRED LEE

"The other day I ran across some old Normal Red Letters. I don't suppose you know what that is. Well, it was a paper that was put out monthly by the Normal School. I found one from May, 1904—let's see, that's 31 years ago. Well, I found many interesting things that the school was doing during the last months of school.

"The last two pages are devoted to "the Chronicle," a sort of diary of the previous month's events. Here are some of the most significant days: April 3, Easter Sunday, Miss Watts has charge of the singing at the Presbyterian church. . . . Mr. Mackall sends his customary greeting to the members of Wheeler Hall (sounds mighty interesting, doesn't it?) . . . April 4, University of Minnesota band arrives. . . . Students return from their Easter vacation. April 5, trees are laden with ice . . . wires coated deep and fall to ground . . . no telephones . . . many teachers keep to their tepees . . . classes dismissed . . . all lights out (well that was quite a storm evidently).

"April 22, rain . . . club dance . . . everyone has the blues. April 23, boys play baseball. April 29, Mr. Mackall lectures to Miss Mear's classes (he was mighty active on the campus, wasn't he?). April 30, Owls hold high carnival at Mr. Reed's (some party, they had—I remember the boys talking about it).

"It seems as though the campus was pretty lively in those days, too. At least it kept them out of mischief. Well, I must be going now."

1935 LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

EDITED BY THE MU GAMMA CHAPTER OF SIGMA TAU DELTA

IN THE PATTERN

by Marian Collins

"Mother, where is that old broomstick that you broke yesterday? Bill says he'll make a gun out of it."

"Why do you want a gun, dear?"

"Oh, we're playing war out in the pasture, and all the kids have guns."

"But I don't want you to play war. Can't you find anything more interesting than that do do?"

"Well, all the fellows are doing it."

That same old answer. She could hear it across the chaotic chasm of almost twenty years. Another spring—another Jim—but the same answer, the same eternal illogical reply of generations of men to their women: "The other fellows are enlisting." "The other fellows are going." "The other fellows are doing it."

A vague fear gripped her heart. It was as though a cold, freezing wind from the north country of her ancestry was inborn in her heart. Her grandmother had known it, too—that bitter intuition of imminent peril to those she loved—an innate element inherited from those first Norse.

Sigrid could remember the day that Jim left for France. Mother had cried; but grandmother, her old face drawn and pallid, had said quite calmly, "I knew it was coming. I could hear the Norn women spinning, spinning, spinning. They weave a war into every pattern."

"But, Gran, war is so silly. Jim doesn't want to fight. Nobody wants to fight. Why doesn't somebody stop it? Doesn't anybody care enough?"

When her own Jim had been born—years after the war was past—she had known that there are those who do not care enough. She had known that innumerable bottles of pasteurized milk and cod liver oil and orange juice and lactic acid are all but mute symbols of the solicitude of women for their children. She had known that the churches, with their galaxy of love of commandments: "Thou shalt not kill," "Love one another," "Do unto others—" are trying to prepare and guard those children morally for life and peace. She had known that the modern schools with their stress on social consciousness and clarity of thought care infinitely that those children may be equipped for

(Continued on page 3)

Theme Of Life

by Ray Novak

A student of English may find in literature the theme of life. Literature not only gives to us a philosophy abundantly illustrated by human experiences and poignantly expressed by many individual styles, but also gives to us a basis for establishing a philosophy of our own. But how are we to distinguish between shallow literature and good literature?

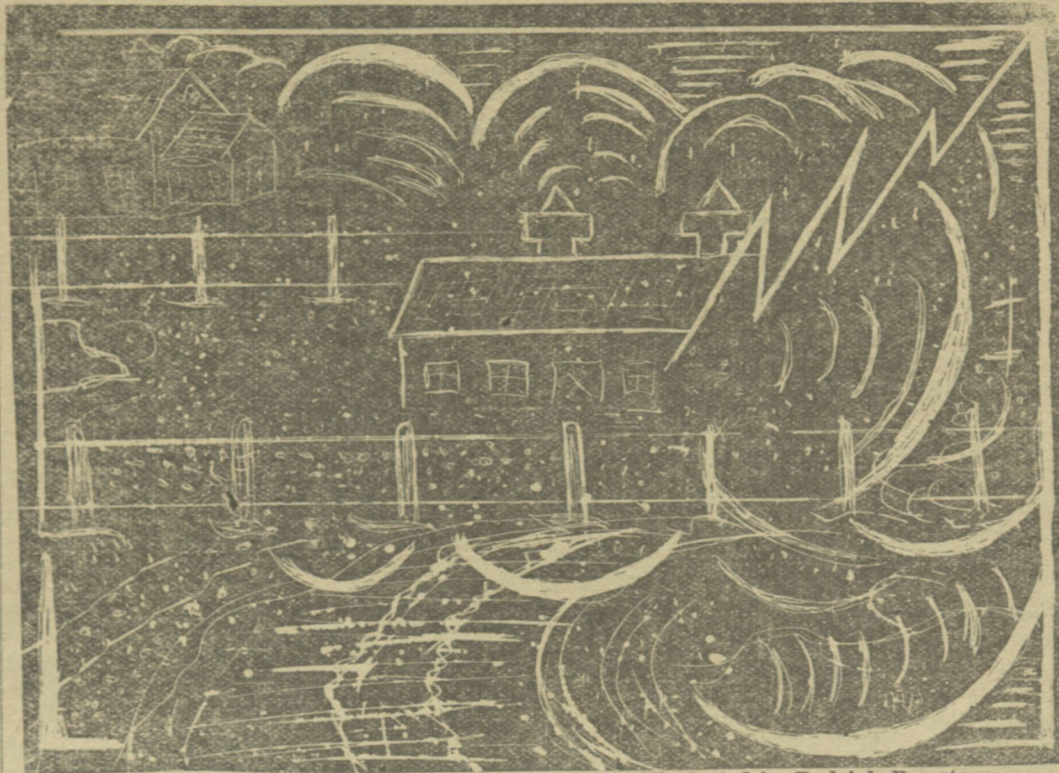
Literature goes not unchallenged; but inferiors as well as genius have had their test. Evidence of insanity has often been pointed out by keen critics in a piece of literature which in reality grows to be a masterpiece as it is evaluated. Can the reader find the sympathetic experiences, the penetrating solitude, the heredity and environment which makes an individual act and write as he does under these conditions?

Great writers have understood another author better than the keen critic. Goethe once wrote, "Talent is built in solitude, character in the stream of the world." We must know the artist before we can appreciate his work to a large extent. The writer has experienced many events and has put his talent to the pen. Imagination has lifted up men and driven them forward often without good reason, but in turn, has created something beautiful. Something that has life and has lived through the ages. Combined events, the expression of thought, and a kindred art in observation has produced a root in beautiful literary lines.

We can not evade the effect. Great literature has been written by minds that were well stored with treasures of the good or evil. The majestic cathedral, the workhouse, sin and human nature, crowds in a street, primeval life, the warriors of nations, the preaching of a prophet, follies, crimes, the music of hidden streams in leafy forests, the weird rhythm of clashing arms, the tragedy of man's inhumanity to his fellow man, the glory of God, the luxurious gaze upon a thing of nature, the nightmare of tangents, attitudes toward life or interpretations of life, with thousands of other imprints upon the mind, have become a product in our world of books. A poem, a story, an essay, or a drama are all modes of expression under an emotional stimulant.

Good literature will always exist as the records of a significant mind. However beautiful or instructive a piece of literature has become it was once the realization and hidden treasure of the author. The vital connection of the reader and author has been produced through a book.

Dust Clouds



by Vincent Schneider

Ominous low rumblings of thunder came rolling restlessly from out of the low-hanging cloud bank in the west. Night had drawn down on the prairie prematurely with a suddenness that was startling. Only fitful flashes of subdued lightning could penetrate the oppressively thick atmosphere, heavily laden with dust, but with each flare-up a spectre-like array of weather-worn farm buildings, apparently in the path of the oncoming storm, was silhouetted against the sky.

Stirred by the warnings of the approaching storm, a bare-headed farmer, barely distinguishable in the gloom, moved slowly from the heavy shadows of the low, rambling house, the screeching of the screen door as he came out striking a peculiarly discordant note. Daylight would have shown him to be a strong, athletic man, slightly stooped by the toll of only a few years. He would have looked older than he was, his face would have seemed haggard and worn, and his whole appearance—the sag of his overalls—would have clearly spoken of a sort of hopeless helplessness, almost a fateful resignation. Now, in the darkness, this picture was lost. His presence was felt rather than seen. He was a part of this rugged, restless night.

His thoughts were at once bitter and hopeful. In his mind were imprinted with stark realism the ravages of the dust storms which had come that spring. Like dun-colored clouds of stinging smoke, swirling, billowing, driving their way out of the very depths of hell—so they had seemed to him. The sharp wind which had blown in from the southeast that morning, whipping up the fine dust before it, increasing in velocity until the sun was only a faintly luminous glow in a dark, dust-saturated sky, was only like so many more that had preceded it.

The peals of thunder grew louder, and the ever-increasing flares of lightning now revealed to the solitary watcher angry, black clouds, full of the promise of rain. Would the long-awaited moisture really come this time? He thought of the fields, his fields, the fields that through his care and the providence of God should have been the source of his life.

No rain had fallen in months. The pastures had dried up, leaving the starving, gaunt cattle to bellow through the hot, stifling days and the scarcely less oppressive nights. The leaves on the trees were either dead or had taken on an unnatural, yellow hue. The garden, in which his wife had toiled so patiently, contained only a few sickly specimens, painstakingly brought to their present state by countless, seemingly ineffectual ministrations of the precious water from the well, which was rapidly drying up. The young wheat and corn seedlings that had sprung up with exuberance lent them by the last remnants of the late winter snows had soon become yellow and dried. The parched earth disintegrated before the ruthless never-ending drought, and the shifting dust and sand, erstwhile the source of the young plants' life, had turned into their destroyer, as driven by the wind

Illustrated by Rudolph Bergstrom

it swept over the burnt landscape, whipping off what had once been the beautiful promise of a rich harvest.

A blinding flash of lightning, followed almost immediately by a terrific burst of cannon-adding thunder and a sudden gust of wind, brought the waiting man out of his musings. Roaring across the prairie came the storm, the heavy wind sweeping up tons of the fine dust. Gasping and choking for breath, his face and arms stung by the tiny particles, the farmer rushed for the sheltered side of the house. Expectantly he waited for the patter of rain, as the rushing wind attained the driving force of a veritable gale. After what seemed to him an almost interminable wait, the rain did come, fiercely, in big muddy drops.

Out he rushed into the storm, his arms flung up triumphantly to the angry heavens. Oh God! if it will only keep on raining! But the wind quickly died down, the big rain drops faded off into a drizzle and finally into nothingness. Baffled and helpless he stood, as the last black clouds lost themselves in the east and the full moon peeped out, shining down in grim mockery. The dust was settled temporarily, but tomorrow's sun would soon dry up the scanty shower, and by noon the dust demons would again be torturing the protesting earth.

For a while the dishevelled man stood motionless, and then, his hair and arms flying wildly, he rushed out across the prairie, driven on by his bursting emotions. Spent and breathless, he came to a stop on a slight rise far from the house.

"Great God in heaven!" he panted, "when will you hear my prayers? Oh God, I've asked for rain time and time again. You've sent instead blinding dust storms that covered every living thing with their devastating filth. Even my heart, God, is encrusted with the bitterness of it. God, what have I done that you bring on me this hellish curse? God, it isn't just—" His voice was rising hysterically now—"Do you care, God, that I am experiencing a living death? God, you've GOT to send rain!"

With a pitiable gesture of defiance, he thrust his fist high into the still moonlit night and shrieked hoarsely, "GOD DO YOU HEAR ME?" Exhausted, he sank to his knees, sobbing brokenly, and plunged his hands into the earth, still warm from the heat of the day.

For some moments he knelt thus, until slowly a remarkable change seemed to come over the night. He looked up wonderingly. The star-filled heavens were glowing with a brilliant new lustre. The glow grew into a great and perfect light, and now—there could be no mistaking it—from across the measureless reaches of eternity came ringing clear and true the voice of the great I AM, "Be still, and know that I am God!"

The vision faded, but with shining face and a singing heart the lowly farmer rose to his feet. Once more sure of his faith in the omniscience of his God, he set his face toward home and the uncertainty of the tomorrow.

The Absent-Minded Professor

by Lois Estrem

A glance at the clock—only half a minute had gone since the last look. It was 9:27. Just three more minutes and the class in Chaucer would grab their books and dash out the door. Ten minutes of grace were allowed the tardy professor—ten minutes of almost continuous watching of the classroom clock—ten minutes of hope for the unprepared students.

A glance out of the window and the spirit of the class dropped twenty degrees. An old green car sputtered slowly up to the curb and came to a shivering stop. One minute more and a short, rotund, grey figure backed stolidly out of the car. The deflated class watched the slow progress toward the building—like an executioner coming to a chamber where twenty-two heads were about to fall. Everyone knew the answer to that bulging pocket was a bag of peanuts. Out came the hand and the shell of a peanut was expertly cracked and removed. According to the estimation the hand would make three more trips to the bag of peanuts before the class room was reached.

Another minute passed before "Old-Slow-But-Sure" plodded into the room. If we hadn't been drilled from the first grade that respect was due our instructors, one could with honesty describe his peculiar walk as duck-like. Slightly pigeon-toed, he waddled into the room.

Deliberately he sank down behind the desk, slowly glanced with faded blue eyes from one blank face to another, plunged his hand into the pocket again and from somewhere among the peanuts drew out the class cards. Glasses were adjusted with care and the ritual of roll call began. The roll was like some fish stories. Instead of six extra inches, six extra "heres" made the class six more people present than an actual count would reveal. But the professor didn't notice. Years of teaching had made him indifferent to anything so trivial. He preached and he practiced inward meditation rather than outward observation. Calling roll had become merely a matter of form. This finished, the cards were pushed among the peanuts again.

Although it seemed that it must be the end of the period, a glance at the clock revealed that it was only 9:31.

GRANDMOTHER'S HOME

by Alwin Cocking

The impressions that remain indelibly on my memory concerning my grandmother's farm are so varied and were recorded under such widely varying circumstances and at such separated intervals that I can form no vivid and unified picture even to this day.

I remember sitting on the long porch running the length of the house on a cool summer evening and debating vigorously with my soon to die grandfather as to whether or not "chat-terbox" was an apt title to be applied to my dignified eight-year-old consciousness.

I remember the colossal excitement one warm July day some three years later when the barn burned to the accompaniment of much excitement on the part of everyone in the county except my grandmother, who kept her head sufficiently to search out the culprit who had been experimenting with his dad's cigars in the hay-mow and box his ears just as she had boxed the ears of each of her numerous brood of nine when one was caught in some heinous crime.

Strangely enough I do not remember the return to the old place for the funeral of my grandfather which must have occurred about two years prior to this fire. Yet I remember him well, not how he looked but what he said and how much I admired him.

The first meeting with a certain cousin called Midgie clings in my memory. She was a girl, I a boy. Yet she was some two years older and considerably more robustly built. So the battle for supremacy began the first time we met. Urged on by a well-meaning bachelor uncle who ribbed me unmercifully for submitting to the weaker sex, I took beating after beating. Any stubbornness there remains in my character I trace directly back to this series of battles. My blood still seethes when I recall the countless humiliations I underwent that summer. If I become a

(Continued on page 3)

Johnny-On-The-Spot

by Alexander Thompson

Since the serpent beguiled Eve in the Garden of Eden and caused the downfall of humanity, there has been one who has played an important role in human events. His sway began by this victory over our first parents who, yielding to his suggestions, were brought under his bondage. He has been collecting his dues ever since, that's the "devil" of it. And because he has now laid aside his horns, cloven hoofs, and bushy tail to dress in civilian clothes, he is a most fastidious fellow.

He is no respecter of persons, is both feminine and masculine, and personifies himself in the lives of men, women, and children. Rich as well as poor, he masquerades in the most fashionable Wynmore Avenue society as well as in the slum districts of Shanty-town. And since the fall of Babel's Tower in the plains of Shinar, he has re-learned and mastered every tongue. He also has added to every language a lingo of strong supplementary words and phrases not contained in the original.

But that isn't all. Give him credit where credit is due. Whoever called him a slouch lied. He is no slacker, either. He'll stick by a fellow until death sometimes. (Sometimes after.) He's busy and a regular "Johnny-on-the-spot." He'll come without giving notice.

He sometimes is charming, both cunning and deceiving, with flattering clothes; beautiful, simply beautiful ones, with rippling sleeves, draped necklines, plaited bands, and horizontal trimmings, all patterned, if you please, by Paris designers. He knows that it "pays to look well." But sometimes he grows tired of it all and dresses in simple homespun. But it's all a part of the game. He has been called a wolf in sheep's clothing. But call him by whatever name you wish, he isn't particular.

He not only can work with the pitchfork, he's a Jack-of-all-trades. He can also hoe in the garden, mix drinks, lay down the law, guide the pen and the plow. As a trail blazer he's a champion; the road leads downward—but don't get discouraged, music charms the soul, and he fiddles all the way.

Talk of devils being confined to hell or hidden by invisibility! We have them in shoals in the crowded towns and cities of the world. Talk of raising the devil! What need of that, when he is constantly walking to and fro in our streets?

As a student he charms his way through college. Clever devices unrolled on examination day are helpful in time of trouble. His favorite lay-out is in the library, west end. But if the librarian's eye is functioning, she'll drive him out. At chapel he's public enemy number one. Here he plans his evil devices to carry out his Utopian dreams.

I've now told the truth to shame the devil. "Cucul ' lus non facit non ' achum." "Evil to him who thinks evil of this."

ART OF BLUFFING

by Betty Hoag

Perhaps my readers will say that I am inspired to ramble on this subject as an aftermath of my own—perhaps I dare say somewhat successful—experience (I did get one A), and I cannot wholly deny the probable accusation.

I do not plan to commit myself with a serious consideration of the matter of bluffing, but rather with an easy treatment of a bit of college life contrasting the easy-going, scientific bluffer with the so-called "grind"—that is, the student with the heavy brief case filled with volumes of factual notes.

Today we discard the custom that a college student must only study, study hard, memorize facts of Caesar's conquests. Twenty years ago the student must know all of it and even remember every bit until the next class period. The classrooms were filled with an air of knowledge—too much knowledge, and I venture to say that too much knowledge isn't always for the best.

The fact that the sartorius muscle in the leg has its origin in the notch between the two anterior spines of the ilium and its insertion on the lower front part of the inner tuberosity of the tibia is of no interest to the average college student, and of what importance will it be after the term is over? So when the question is asked as to an analysis of the muscle, our 1935 anatomy student answers, "well—a—it is in the upper leg and then it is used for kicking. It's used a lot by football players, especially the backfield men—and—" The young chap gloats with a feeling of pride; he's answered the teacher's question, thought it out by himself without any book or notes, and applied his own capacity of intelligence to the immediate situation on short notice and didn't do too badly. If the professor gives the fellow credit for alertness and reasoning power, overlooking the fact that it was an excellent example of a well-trained mind for bluffing, he will proceed with the discussion, asking a question of the student of the opposite type. After he scans over the pages of the book in his mind, he answers self-satisfied with his own intelligence, and to the joy of the others he made a mistake. The fellows and co-eds leave the room in a rollicking mood to open their book just before class the next day—and yes, "bluff again."

A teacher that I once had defined bluffing as "knowing a little and saying a lot, so that the teacher thinks that you are saying a little and knowing a lot." She asserted that she admired the student who could bluff his way through a course and even then know as much in the end as his fellow classmate who worried and worked for the same end.

The victim of this may find himself in a pretty tough spot at times, especially when he walks into his 8 o'clock class late Monday morning, but then four minutes isn't so much. With an armful of books and loose papers—a good appearance always helps—he most seriously walks into the room with assurance bearing him up. Today is an awful day—just after a weekend and no studies done; yes, and still tired. What would he do if he couldn't cleverly "get by?" To go to sleep or to even let one's eye wander away from the attention of the instructor wouldn't be so good. Without any premeditation a question is flung at him—the words didn't sound familiar; they didn't make any sense, either. Viewing the intense situation, he knows he just mustn't sit there like a dub, so he says, "Beg your pardon?" The question is repeated while he is thinking up a good line. With a deep frown of interest upon his face he draws out an answer, "Well—that question has several sides, as I see it." Then he elaborates upon what his viewpoints might be.

"Yes, and," returns the professor and the question is answered and the student is none the worse off, or is he?

"There walk, as yet, no ghosts of lovers in Canadian lanes. This is the essence of the gray freshness and brisk melancholy of this land. And for all the charm of those qualities, it is also the secret of a European's discontent. For it is possible, at a pinch, to do without the gods. But one misses the dead."—Rupert Brooke.

"People are no longer quite so certain that a woman's liberty consists of having a latchkey without a house. They are no longer convinced that every housekeeper is dull and prosaic, while every bookkeeper is wild and poetical."—G. K. Chesterton.

"Without words, generalization would have been stopped in its beginnings, and thought would have stayed where we find it in the brute."—Will Durant.

MARCH MOON

by Frances MacDonald

The mounds of snow have all melted,

And now my yard is woven

With smooth, still pools.

Tonight, in one, I found

A wavering streak of silver

Traced on its bottom.

It was the full March moon.

SOUL OF MY ROOM

by Frances MacDonald

The soul of my room is flowers—

And that is why

In my window

White lilacs nod in a blue bowl.

PEAT

by Clarence Eskildsen



has lifted, revealing a country pockmarked by hundreds of small and large burn-outs, resembling a battlefield after a week of heavy shelling. Roads have been undermined and entire farms burned; the country, never endowed with beauty, has now become inexpressibly ugly.

And still there is something about this country which grasps and holds the observer. Standing on a ditch bank and gazing out over miles of rolling peat swamp, spreading like a great brown sea on and on for miles, you have a feeling of insignificance, a feeling of intimacy with nature which is crowded out in the hum-drum life of the city or crowded community. You come away from it reluctantly, as if somewhere out on the feathery plain, a great, still voice had been calling you to everlasting happiness.

Character Sketch Of The West

by Grace Henderson

The West—any phase of it—has rather a dire sound to me, as I have conned volumes and volumes on a course in history of the West, and it left anything but a pleasant impression. I can see the West only as it was in the days of the "forty-niners"—people rushing here and there seeking madly for gold, others "going west" in covered wagons—thirsting to death—and leaving their bones on the plains as a mute testimony that they had dared the impossible. A person also thinks of it as a home of the Mormons, who we must admit have been of questionable intelligence to have more than sixty wives.

However, on browsing over the essays in Brown's "Essays of Modern Times," the weight lifted, and it seemed that the West took on a new vigor and beauty. The historians are altogether too ponderous and heavy. A person just cannot seem to appreciate the youth and color of the West as they portray it. The picture is too graphic. But when we begin to read the essayist's meaty picture of "the free and open West," our attitude changes, and we who have, as yet, not seen a sufficient amount to carry us westward duly resolve that our first money shall be spent on a western jaunt.

Strange it is how many varied pictures a person has of the West—that is, one who has never travelled there. Just as "the West" is considered a relative term, likewise the conceptions are varied.

There is the worn out "cowboy" idea so dear to the heart of the ten or eleven year old boy. It is accompanied by chaps, sombrero, and all the "fixin's" to make a genuine, swearing, hoboish cowboy. Romanticists, or maybe I should say sentimentalists, sob and moan over the fact that the picturesque cowboy of the great, wide, open spaces is gone. Secretly, I think that it is a mighty good thing he is gone. There are altogether too many Americans with "cowboyish" attitude now—reckless, irresponsible, carefree—with a gun in each hand ready to pick up an argument at a moment's notice. So let's forget the cowboy.

Maybe if you are a suave, sophisticated Easterner, you consider the West as a place which weighs you down. In fact, you can barely get your breath at the thought of it; it is so burdensome and heavy. You must have been reading Rolvaag and see the West as he portrays it in "Giants in the Earth." He saw the Dakota

prairies—"Farther and farther onward . . . always west. . . Now it was the green hillock surrounded by the open, endless prairie far off from a spot from which no road led back. It seemed to her that she had lived many lives already, in each one of which she had done nothing but wander and wander—always straying farther and farther from her East."

Maybe the west has a Zane Greyish coloring to you—the purple saffron, the handsome riders, Lassiters with guns, romance—always romance, with blue skies overhead, cliffs, and silver spruce, and aspens. The sensible person knows that that is a pretty but an empty picture, to say the least. Perhaps you have seen the West as Owen Wister portrays it—in a natural, healthy hue. I believe he has caught the spirit of the West and given it to us in a really fine picture.

Now all these pictures come to me—along with earthquake reports over the radio, dust storms from Kansas, and a million other things, which make it pretty bad for one who has never been west and has to imagine it as a connected, organized thing. I have various impressions, blended to be sure, but impressions nevertheless. One thing I know to be true: Pick up any magazine and see in an advertisement, "Come to California—Land of Sunshine and Happiness." So, I will assume that it has both of them. I like to think of California as a symbol of the horn of plenty—lazy, languorous, yet prosperous. And I also think of it as a happy state—not a sprightly gayety but rather an even contentment. Surely the atmosphere must make the most astute person a little languid.

In contrast, we see ambitious Washington. There the saws drone busily, and lumber scions as well as lumber workers are constantly on the alert. No languor there—rather a busy atmosphere, and we see the practical and not so beautiful population. But this should be a wonderful place for recuperation from any illness, whether mental or physical. It should be advertised as a haven of refuge for the tired business man. I have always imagined Oregon as a rather neutral connecting link between the two states. And those three states are all I have considered as "the West." However, I may be wrong. But when Horace Greeley said, "Go West, young man, go West," I think he was uttering a rather indefinite statement. After all, what is the West?

HOW SWEET REVENGE

by John Hokanson

Cold rain slithered on the slippery, grey cobble-stones. Cold winds whistled through the streets, flanked on either side by severe London business establishments. Hazy forms scuttled from shelter to shelter—some in bulky woollens, others in flimsy oilskins—some umbrella-sheltered, others hat-protected, but all in haste, unmindful of others, by others unnoticed. Not so Ivan Traseski.

Disregarded by the passing throngs, Ivan stood in the partial shelter afforded by a banking-house building. Bearded face, uncovered head turned unheeding to the rain, searching—scanning—searching. A forlorn figure, truly; but one noticed, upon observation, a certain expression of determination in the set of the shoulders, the unblinking gaze of the squinting blue eyes.

The figure of a man detached itself from one of the many groups of hurried humans, stopped near Ivan, and stood leaning against the building. Ivan glanced quickly at the man, noted carefully his flabby jowls, pock-marked skin, hobo-like garb, nodded in salutation, as strangers do, and resumed his vigil.

"Excuse me, my good friend," began the newcomer, "but do you wait here for someone?"

A grunt in reply. Silence, but for the slosh-slosh of feet around them.

"For whom do you search so carefully?" persisted the stranger. Ivan remained silent. A full two minutes elapsed before he spoke.

"Stranger, are you one of the well-known Knights of the Road?" The man nodded; with a chuckle he pointed to his worn shoes.

"Then, you have heard stories from many sources? I, too, have a story—but it is not much. Do you wish to hear? Yes?"

"I am Russian. I am old and feeble—and foolish, but I was not always old and feeble. Foolish, yes. For a petty crime committed as a youth, I was sent to Vorfelsh, a prison in Morocco, maintained by the Russian government. For two years I remained, with hope of escape yet to leave me. One night I did escape—with a fellow-prisoner. Over the high, rock wall we jumped; in the leap I hurt my ankle. We headed due northward, by the stars, to get out of the desert around us. My ankle pained me, and I was sick at heart, but freedom was near and dear to me. In the day we struggled on slowly. Our water supply, which we had taken from the kitchen storehouse, was slowly being exhausted. Wind, hot and dry, seared our throats, cracked our lips and tongues, and we spoke but little, avoiding the effort needed. Night came, as it must, but how we suffered! We slept, my companion in some comfort, I in great pain. When I awoke at dawn, my companion was not with me, nor were the water jugs. A great fear assailed me, and I fainted from shock and exposure. How long I was senseless, I do not know. When I regained consciousness, I was in the custody of prison authorities, on my way back to that then merciful hell I had so recently forsaken. I was placed in chains, and remained so for eighteen long years. When I was finally freed, my limbs were almost useless, and I was as feeble as an eighty-year-old man, though much younger in age. For years I have been certain that the man who betrayed me is alive. For years I have hunted him, for I have sworn vengeance! I know now that it was foolish to remember it so long, for I am too old now to do him any harm, should I find him."

Ivan stood in silence for a moment, brooding. Suddenly he glanced again at the man, who stood as if paralyzed.

"Boris, you—"

"Ivan, wait, Ivan!" At the mention of the other's name, the spell that held Boris seemed broken. He ran swiftly to the street and made for the other side. In his haste, he disregarded a speeding auto. Shrieks, screaming brakes, rough notes from the despairing horn of the car, a thud, and Boris, the treacherous, was lying in the street, still and silent.

Ivan made his way to Boris' side, the dying man opening his eyes at the mention of his name.

"Ivan, you hear me? I have a story also, Ivan. I did you a great wrong, I know, but I have suffered. I was captured by desert pirates, and served as a slave for twenty years. But that is no worse than you, Ivan, you remember we had one water-jug left? I took it, yes, I took it— But Ivan, I—the jug—it—was filled with vinegar, not water!"

"The blind spots of our perceptions conceal many phases of delicate beauty in the things around us, aspects which are dulled by the opacity of familiarity, passed over by the unseeing activity of our surface-skimming minds."—William Beebe.

NIGHT IS SPLENDID

by Frances MacDonald

Night is splendid. How can I fear

Stars that blossom like pale-moon flowers

Against the dark breast of the sky?

Or be afraid of quiet hours

Spent on a hill beneath a pine

All dripping white with pearl moon mist?

And when a west wind blows in my hair

How can that bring fright? To be kissed

By a streak of sudden starbeam,

Black now with night, pierced by a wand

Of frailest gold, a slim moonbeam—

How can that frighten? . . . If I fear

Night and darkness and silver sod

Turned thus by moonlight, then I fear

Beauty, and I am afraid of God.

CALENDAR FOR NORTHWEST REGIONAL CONVENTION

Sigma Tau Delta, Moorhead, Minnesota
Saturday, May 11, 1935

11:00 a. m.—Registration of Delegates, Ingleside, MacLean Hall.

12:15 p. m.—Luncheon, Room 236, MacLean Hall.

1:30 p. m.—Round Table Discussion, Ingleside.

3:45 p. m.—Tea, Ingleside.

4:15 p. m.—Dramatic Entertainment, Room 236, MacLean Hall.

6:30 p. m.—Banquet, Comstock Hall Dining Room.

PHOEBE

Darkness descends
Like a scattered veil,
While the stars their watch renew.
From the distant wood
Hear the twittering birds,
Where the elms sleep in slumbering dew.

Far o'er the plain
O'er the green fields of grain,
And the pastures, the creek bottom swells.
Comes the sigh of the breeze
As through the tall poplar trees,
By the road, now its night, tales it tells.

Ah, the peace of the night,
What wondrous delight
The low swinging moon does express.
Held by its charm,
By its mystic might
To the power of the night I confess:

"Silvery sphere of a silent space
Drifting so dreamily
With your mystic mirrored grace
Counsel please lend to me.

"Oft have I wandered in shades of night,
Hoping and fearing to flee
From this sad vale of time and space
To a haven in your unknown sea.

"Heartless this world in its mad rush roars on
Against all powers that be,
Bending us here through cares, tears, and woe
To the dust through eternity.

"Guide us to clear high powers like yours;
Teach us the unfailing steadfastness of spheres;
Teach us if need be only borrowed light,
And your calmness down through the years."
—Emil Robert Hoppe.

Grandmother's Home

(Continued from page 1)

wife beater some psychologist will probably trace my trouble back to an ingrained hatred of woman garnered in my formative years through my association with this young amazon.

The last picture of the old place I retain is one of some five years ago. Even though the season was early spring and the time early dusk of a raw day, nothing seemed changed. The large and imposing square old house gleamed brightly with its orange brown coat, a living testimonial of the adage that "they built to last in the old days." The row of trees leading from the road to the house stood bare and gaunt but giving evidences of coming beauty that would rival anything that my mind could recall. The gnarled plum trees that always seemed to bear sour plums only mourned their infirmities as the wind moaned through their creaking boughs.

The large high-gabled barn was as imposing as the ruins of its predecessor had been to my childish eyes. The little pond in the barn yard was being invaded by a few hardy ducks who seemed to enjoy the frigid air. The same old steam threshing rig my brother and I had driven in fancy to many curious and exciting lands seemed a bit more permanent since it had sunk another two feet into the lush soil of the meadow wherein it stood.

The wooden porch rumbled under my feet as of yore and the screen door stuck as I tried to pull it open. There was my uncle sitting over the register and smoking the oldest pipe ever saved as a record for posterity of a civilized race. And oh, most changeless of all in an ever-changing world—my grandmother.

As always, she had a smile on her face and a cup of tea in her hand. No false effusions, no forced exclamations of welcome did she utter. But as was always her wont she merely said, "Tom, you and the little one sit down and have a cup of tay." Dropping her "h's" and neglecting her "is's and was's" for a generous sprinkling of "he be a good'un" and other expressions of the like she left little doubt to any one that she was born and reared in merrie England.

Ageless, since she has always appeared old to me, she has seen two modest fortunes disappear without losing hope. Clinging to the farm left to her by her husband as if it were the only refuge from an unfriendly world, and probably it is, she seemed able to go on pursuing the even tenor of her way for ever.

I learn but lately that she is in bed. I am very sorry. She has so little in common with a bed. Her mellow old living room with its miniature botanical garden in the window, since she has grown too old to keep one up outdoors, can not possibly be the same if she stays out of it too long. How grieved she must be that she has so many visitors and cannot rustle around to get them what she calls "a bit o' food, my dear. And 'ave a wee cup o' tay, too, my boy. Your poor old grandpa would grieve to see you so thin. Eat now, boy. And don't try to give your old grandmother any o' your new-fangled nonsense."

The old farm has remained the same to me for the last fifteen years. I wonder if it will seem the same next year when she is dead. For she will be dead by then, they say. They've said it before, but I'm afraid they're right this time.

I think it will be different.



MAY DREAMS



by Frances McDonald

If I could have my wish tonight
I'd choose to be a silver tree,
A silver birch I'd choose, all quivering slim,
A birch a-top a hill.
And when at twilight the world of gold
Slow-turned to violet dusk,

Illustrated by Martha Lou Price

And stars were cool white spangles in the sky,
When winds laughed softly and fanned the
tall,
Lithe, emerald grasses, black in moonlight,
I'd rustle all my host of silver-tipped leaves
And whisper secrets to the sky.

Lake Of The Woods

by Trevor Sandness

In the early history of our country, the intrepid French voyageurs made long journeys of discovery into the interior of North America, searching for a westward passage to the Pacific and exploring new regions in which to trade for furs. It was on such an expedition in 1688 that the first white man reached Lake of the Woods. When Jacques de Noyon first beheld its broad expanse of waters, stretching westward to meet the horizon, and saw the numberless islands crowding to the north, he called it Lac Aux Isles. Using this descriptive name, he suggested one of the characteristics of this inland sea with its sixteen thousand islands.

If you are a sportsman, you will want to visit the southeast shore of the open lake known as Muskeg Bay. Here, following the shore for miles, are vast fields of wild rice. As the harvest season approaches, flocks of ducks come to these feeding grounds to join others who have nested there. In friendly groups the canvasbacks, teal, and mallards swim contentedly to and fro or nose dive after luscious bits of plant food. Now and again a small flock starts up, first skimming through the water, then gradually rising to circle overhead. The sun shines brightly in a clear blue sky. Food is abundant. Truly, this is a paradise for water birds.

Now the nights are growing colder. Each morning sees the lake heavily veiled in damp, gray fog. Long before sunrise on a fall morning, shadowy forms are making their silent way to the haunts of the waterfowl. Reality is shrouded. Indistinct sounds that are distant, yet near, penetrate the gloom. An occasional solemn quack is startling in its clearness. Unaware of lurking danger, redheads, bluebills, and mallards are breaking their fast. The blackness turns to gray. There is a sudden burst of fire, an echoing thunder intensified by succeeding bursts of fire. Startled, bewildered, terrified, hundreds of ducks swarm into the misty air. Disorganized and confused, many fall prey to their most relentless enemy, man.

Hunting season has passed. The penetrating night winds have stripped the trees, leaving gaunt, gray skeletons. The dark waters of the lake are restless and forboding. Stormy winds whip up short, choppy waves crowned with frothing white caps. Fishing boats that have braved the storm are rocking spasmodically with the short, vicious slaps of the angry waters. The air is chill and raw. The sun, penetrating a rift in the leaden clouds, lends a sinister gleam to the raging sea.

Snow has come from the north, softening the gray outlines of the wooded shores and covering the barren ground. The islands have been linked together with expanses of steel gray. Still the great body of open water, known as the Great Traverse and called by the French, Le-Grand Traverse, is moody and defiant. A still, cold night descends, imprisoning the last remnant of open water. Now the late rising sun reflects a new beauty in the shining fields of ice. From time to time comes the ominous rumbling of the expanding and contracting ice prison. More snow, light and feathery, or again hard and cutting, blankets the north country. January's biting blasts have made food more difficult to obtain. In the night silence the great white owl swoops noiselessly in search of prey. A venturesome wolf seeking new hunting grounds starts the long trek across the ice. The dark, moving speck is sighted. Some hunters rush to

"There are doubtless many things that private business can do better and less wastefully than anyone else can do them. There are other things which the community through its government can do best. And still other things which cooperative groups within the community can excel in. It does not stand to reason that there is any one divine way of economic behavior for one hundred and twenty millions of people over three thousand miles of continent."—Stuart Chase.

their cars and race in pursuit. Thus is started the game of wolf hunting on the ice.

When the northern boundary was surveyed, a corner of Canada was carved out and appropriated by the States. Its nearest connection with the mother state is across thirty to forty miles of open water in summer or ice in winter. Freight teams make regular trips across the icy wastes, bringing supplies to the Northwest Angle, the most northern reach of the United States. During recent years, some of the more enterprising have used windsleds, best described as wingless airplanes on skis. Not accessible by telephone, the Angle country now communicates by radio and is assured of regular mail service by airplane.

As the days lengthen and winter releases its harsh grip, the ice becomes treacherous. Far-reaching cracks form and heal. From time to time a freight team or a car takes a sudden plunge into the icy waters.

The snow has melted. Rivers and streams are pouring into the lake. As the Great Traverse was the last to surrender to winter's icy clutch, so it is the last to yield to the caressing winds of spring. The grass becomes green. The trees are budding, but the leaves hesitate to venture out for fear of the chill blasts from across the unconquered ice fields. The rain, wind, and sun work ceaselessly to free the captive waters. The ice becomes honeycombed. Open water appears near the shore. At last a strong wind lashes against the ice. The open space increases. Larger and larger the waves mount up. The ice is rent, torn and crushed, then cast in great, white heaps along the shore.

It is mid-summer on Lake of the Woods. Let us view the sunrise from the jetty near the entrance to Warroad harbor. The sun peeps out of the lake to the northeast. The water is black, silver, and red. As the sun leaves its watery bed, the colors become silver and blue. The lake is as smooth as glass. Suddenly a miracle has occurred. Where is the horizon? It has disappeared. Where a short time ago the sun rose, the lake and sky have become one. Those dark specks floating in the sky are the earliest fish boats returning with their catch.

No one has seen the true Lake of the Woods who has not crossed the Great Traverse and entered the clustering moss of islands found just across the line in the Canadian waters. They range in size from uninhabited Big Island, which is eight miles wide and ten miles long, to mere islets of rock. In some places the rock rises sheer from thirty to one hundred feet. In others it slopes gently to the waters, terminating in a sandy beach. Beautiful palm-like evergreens and birches and carpets of moss and shrubs hide the nakedness of the rocks. In the open spaces are low juniper and blueberry bushes. As the waters of Muskeg Bay are the home of the great sturgeon, so these cold, clear waters are the home of the "muskie" and other game fish. Deer and moose are near neighbors. Here is a country as yet almost unspoiled by civilization.

Lake of the Woods is large but its size gives the interest of great variety and contrast. It is hard and cruel, often exacting a toll of life. It is kind and bountiful in summer, yielding carloads of fish, much in demand by the Eastern markets. Its shifting scenes and seasons appeal to those who love nature in all her moods. Lake of the Woods is outstanding among her ten thousand sisters.

"When I find men of business limiting, for the sake of truth, the acquisition of gain; or when I find men of wealth sincerely seeking poverty; or when I find traders and speculators assisting the process of production; or when I find bankers and statesmen working in the public welfare, and honoring the art of life; or when, in general, I find men anxious to labor without becoming rich, rather than anxious to become rich without labor; then I may agree with you that the rise of sons above their fathers entails the advancement of land."—Lincoln Colecord.

ADOLESCENT HEART

(Anonymous)

You have not wounded me beyond relief
As I am young,
I see beyond my transient pains
Sensing they will cease.

Still, feeling stirs
When thought or glance
Reveals your kindly presence;
Then does my bruised heart
Grow tender to the touch of memory.

I see my darkened dreams
As though an artist
By unskillful, blundering strokes
Had doomed his would-be masterpiece
To mediocrity.

For me, the ease which comes of healing
While the morrow,
Bringing with it wisdom of maturity
Arrives, is mastered, and departs
To infinity.

In The Pattern

(Continued from page 1)

happy, mentally healthy lives.

Today, as though the world were unrolled as a drama before her eyes, she could see all those who care. She could see millions of mothers carefully measuring Karo syrup and strained carrots. She could see them leading millions of children to health clinics for vaccinations and inoculations. She could see thousands of ministers in as many pulpits preaching earnestly the virtues that belong to a peacetime. She could see thousands of teachers in rural schools, in city schools, training young minds for useful, intelligent citizenship. She could see scores of serious workers in government offices wasting reams of paper printing pamphlets on infant and child care because they have so much reverence for human life. She could see them all as the blind dramatis personae in such a ridiculous, idiotic farce as even a Moliere would not have dared to write. For the very training that fits children for peace fits them too tragically well for war. When the periodic cataclysm comes, it is those who have been prepared for life who march first to death. The others are safe; they are in reformatories, in prisons, in hospitals, in insane asylums; they are mentally or physically disqualified.

Oh, God, what a farce! All of the mothers in the world, countless civil and religious societies might carefully guard the finest boys of the generation and bring them finally to maturity with a heritage of mental and physical health, and then—a war. A parade—band music—words of fire—a ghastly, bloody Belleau Woods—a cross in a future Flanders Field. In spite of cod liver oil and orange juice, in spite of mental conditioning and moral creeds—just an insignificant bit of cannon fodder—just an inconsequential part in a battle for a "cause" that may vanish like a bright chimera when the war is over.

"Well, mother, you've stood there not saying anything for exactly two minutes. I watched the clock. How about the broomstick?"

"I don't want you to play war, Jim."

"The kids will call me a coward if I don't. And besides, Dick has a drum and a mouth organ to play marches on, and Glen has a flag his uncle gave him last Fourth of July and we're going to start the whole thing with a parade."

An unanswerable reply. She might tell him that brave men are sometimes called cowards. She might argue that martial music is the motley disguise of a murderous passion that stalks incognito through human hearts. She might tell him that war will last as long as small boys and men make it a game—a thrilling game with parades and gay uniforms and the magic of meaningless credos. She might try to tell him some of the truth that the years and a bitter war had taught her; but he would not understand.

"The broomstick is down in the coal cellar Jim."

She could feel the fear tightening about her heart. She could see the Norn women weaving—weaving a war into tomorrow's pattern. She seemed to hear the rhythmic sweep of their fingers across the loom, although she knew it was only the wind in the cottonwoods.

"The chief requirement for a real standard of living is neither food, nor rent, nor clothing; it is life; and the prime essentials of life are health, freedom, and leisure. . . . No excesses in food or amusements, no wild plunges in house-furnishing, no grand attempts at patronizing the mechanical arts will make up for this deficiency. For there are equivalent forms of scurvy, or rickets, that attack the personality, when it lacks health, freedom, and leisure; and a good part of our irrational spending is an attempt to put back into our lives with the medicine dropper various elements that we have forgotten in the cooking."—Raymond Essen.

Three Days In Hell

by John Chisholm

Becoming detached from a movie set with which I was employed as a skilled laborer, I became lost in the San Martini Desert, where my employers were making a picture calling for a desert scene. For three days I wandered about in this trackless, boundless desert, finally becoming mentally deranged at the close of the third day. At noon of the fourth day the searching party found me prostrate and unconscious. However, possessing remarkable recuperating powers, I was able in a week to write the following account of my experiences. The last few lines bear out the mental derangement that came over me:

Quote: "By seven Gods I swear that I will never forget those three frightful, heartrending days on that hellish San Martini Desert. Gladly would I have exchanged at the time any or all of the three days for a like period in hell. For a change, anything would have been welcome; even this change, because my conception of hell did not include the extreme suffering that I was subjected to in this earthly inferno. Heat, cold, thirst, and pain individually and collectively sapped my strength until bit by bit my moral reserve was completely broken, a reserve that one is never called upon to use except in life and death situations. Feeling that I was alone in this world, the whole of which was the desert area, it seemed to me that the good Christ had forgotten me as he had forgotten the rivers, lakes and forests. They, somehow, should have punctuated the desert's monotonous theme of sand, sand, and more sand. Constituting the material world in a very material sense were three elemental things: myself, the sun, and the sand. As a matter of fact, by noon of the second day I was supporting that burning ball of fire on my shoulders as I trudged over sand which spread itself into more sand and sand without end. Growing on me was a great fear that the unbearable weight of the hot sun would crush me until I became one with the sand. I could then no longer disturb the monotony of the horizon.

"When night came, as night comes in the desert, slow and uninterrupted, the same fiery sands that blistered my feet by day to the point of unbearable agony covered my shivering body at night, thus protecting me from the bitter cold of the desert night. If it were not for the fact that I could look forward to the coming of night, I feel certain that I would have fallen prey to the sinister buzzards that followed me by day. Yes, these feathered devils were waiting to pick my bones clean so that their whiteness could reflect the glistening desert sun—very patient birds, these buzzards. But thank God the night brought relief from the ever-present sight of them flying overhead, from the dizzy heat of the sun, and from the monotony of a sort that is possible only in a God-forsaken desert.

"Somehow, darkness changed all this. In the future I will always associate night with coolness, in the sense that it is a relief from heat. During the day, I never once thought of seeking relief, but when the benediction of the night descended upon the desert, I was moved to make an attempt. In doing so, I forgot my blistered, bleeding feet, my parched lips, and my swollen tongue for the period of grace the night offered me. Nightly, I would drop, never expecting to rise again, but the heat of the morning sun would force me to stagger up from the sand that covered me during the night.

"Drunkenly, I would trudge ahead. Where? That didn't matter. One just had to keep going. What if it was like pulling out my whiskers one by one? I wasn't going to be a stooge for a gang of buzzards. Finally, unable to go on, I fell exhausted both physically and morally with complete relief coming in unconsciousness."

"The world's palace of art, where Plato the wise fronts large-browed Verulam, and the Ionian father of the rest smiles down on the long line of his poetic descendants, still stands open to us night and day. We have but to enter in to be made free of the one great society that alone exists on earth—the noble living and the noble dead."—Paul Shorey.

"Next to the collection of data is skill in analysis—the power to break massed data or large theses into manageable units, and get at irreducible elements in any complex under scrutiny. More difficult, but indispensable to the attainment of skill in acquiring knowledge, is synthesis—the art of putting elements together, drawing inferences from them, comparing results with previous conclusions and preconceptions."—Charles A. Beard.

"Ultimately the lack of leisure is lack of spiritual integration. . . . Leisure is indeed an affair of mood and atmosphere rather than simply of the clock. It is not a chronological occurrence but a spiritual state. It is unhurried pleasurable living among one's native enthusiasms."—Irwin Edman.

"Without words, generalization would have been stopped in its beginnings, and thought would have stayed where we find it in the brute."—Will Durant.

Through the eyes of the eight-year-old boy gazing on it, probably for the last time, one of the most enjoyable episodes in his brief life coming to an end, the lake appeared through the hushed twilight as the vision of the Holy Grail must have come to the knights of King Arthur's court. This calm beauty, so removed from his monotonous prairie country home in North Dakota, would be his no more when darkness became complete. He was going home that night, going home after a few short weeks spent tasting all that this little farm along the lake could give in new sensations and pleasures.

The surrounding terrain, with its wooded slopes and gentle rolling hills, seemed as a weary traveler at rest. Patches of declining life were showing, the brightening leaves and yellowing grass foreboding the death of gay summer. The complete relaxation and utter lack of disturbing motion were almost soothing to the body, yet the little boy's sense quickened that he might miss nothing of these last moments of congealing light.

As if it were too loath to break the spell cast by the rude scene and set in mood by the chorus of humming mosquitoes, the often restless lake lay smooth and tranquil. Scarcely disturbed by a ruffling evening breeze, its surface was shattered only by an occasional sportive pickerel, who left his cool depths to leap into the air in pure high spirits, scorcely appearing real as he broke again through the surface to return to his shaded retreats in the translucent and friendly water.

In the haze of twilight that was deepening over the margin of the wooded slopes to the east there was the faint and lulling hum of mosquitoes searching for prey upon which to in-

THE LAST VIEW

by Alwin Cocking



Illustrated by Martha Lou Price

youngster whose outline was silhouetted this evening against the lowering sky on the knoll it was much greater than the Grand Canyon. If one could look a little closer into it he might see a winding road hewed into its too often crumbling sides, a herculean piece of engineering, done on a small scale but looming large as an accomplishment to an impressionistic youngster.

Across the farm yard with its buildings trim and snug in their complacent neatness was an old half-obliterated wagon road winding slowly into the now yellowing foliage till it became entangled in itself and committed self-strangulation around a little spring-fed pool surrounded by frogs with numberless songbirds acting as caretakers, their very presence preventing one from despoiling the scene.

This was the beauty that an eight-year-old boy could see—and feel—that stirred nameless longings and submerged frustrations within him. It was also the beauty that this same young chap, a little older, perhaps not so wise, for it has been long since he appreciated beauty so completely, can only feel inadequate to describe in its entirety.

My First Experiences In The Country

by May Miller

Often when idly dreaming, my thoughts flit pleasantly back to my first school, which was located in a rural section of Redwood county of Minnesota. Well do I remember the thrill of the twenty-mile drive on that lovely fall morning, the sense of adventure as I sallied forth to make my first application, incidentally, to interview the school board, a proceeding not so formidable as I had feared. After making the rounds and receiving the approval of each member in turn, I had the satisfaction of "being hired."

Getting a school was not such an involved matter then as it is today. It usually meant being the first one on the field and the requirement of some kind of a certificate, first, second or third, as the case might be, and, as a general thing, it was second or third. The rare one or two teachers in the county holding a first grade were looked upon by the second and third raters with admiration, almost awe, as a person of great erudition.

As I have remarked, getting a school in those good old days was a simple matter; no prying, inquisitive school board asking pertinent or impertinent personal questions such as: How old are you? How much do you weigh? What church do you attend? Can you sing? Where were you last year? Why aren't you there this year? Etc., etc.

Extra-curricular activities were then as unheard of and as undreamed of as Einstein's theory of relativity, or speeding over highways at ninety miles an hour, or taking to the air.

Did I say there were no requirements beyond the first, second, or third that you must qualify in? I must restrict that statement. In some communities there were restrictions that so far as squelching all the joy out of a young teacher's life went, were about as effective as the Puritanical code of our forefathers or the Blue Laws of Connecticut.

If it were ever your good fortune, as it was mine, to alight in a Scotch Presbyterian community, you would not, as you valued your position as teacher in District So-and-So, intimate that you would enjoy, much less participate in, anything so trivial, so worldly, as going to a dance. On Sunday you taught a Sunday School class in the same building in which you had toiled for five week-days; then you decorously took a seat and listened to a sermon on

Original Sin, Foreordination, or other inspiring and cheerful texts. Along toward spring you could look forward to a break in the winter's monotony by a two-weeks' revival, that is, if the roads were such that the teams wouldn't get bogged down in the mud, between the time that the snow melted and the spring seeding began.

Also, the teacher's deportment at all times must be extremely dignified and austere. I recall at one time almost detecting a disapproving frown upon the brow of the good elderly lady with whom I boarded, because the minister, who was old enough to be our grandfather, inadvertently or unconsciously held the hands of myself and girl friend while discoursing upon some weighty subject.

But I am digressing. I meant to tell you about my first school, and this was my second.

To go back, I was hired at the munificent salary of \$25 per month for the term of five months. It really was not so bad as it sounds, for a dollar had twice the purchasing power then that it has today. The next thing was to get a boarding place, and I questioned the last board member upon whom I had called as to where the teacher could be accommodated. "You can stay by me if you want to," was his reply. His wife thereupon approached and welcomed me with a friendly smile which sufficed for a greeting, as she could not understand a word of English nor I of German. Her rather sweet expression eradicated the somewhat unpleasant impression I had experienced when I glanced down and saw her bare feet, broad, brown—and just as she had come in from the fields. They were a typical German family, thrifty, industrious, well-to-do. Their only aim in life was to acquire more land and make more money. The only interest the father had in school for his children was that they attend the requisite forty days in order to draw apportionment for the district. There was only one mind, one voice in the family, and that was the man's. His wife existed only as an animated machine consisting of hands, feet, and a broad back; her value was in direct ratio to the amount of work she was able to accomplish in as many waking hours out of the twenty-four as was possible.

The upstairs was all in one room. This I shared with a half-dozen or more. I have forgotten how many of the young members of the family. I had what I hardly expected—a bed tinted glasses.

Signs Of Spring

by Florence Williams

"Then, like the Dickie-bird, sing tra-la-la-la—" For spring has arrived on the M. S. T. C. campus. The birds in the trees—not the campus trees, but the near-by, full-grown variety—trill vociferously from their respective perches. Of course, they have rasped hoarsely during the past few weeks of April fool weather, but now they hold forth jubilantly. And then, there are several places on the campus where the grass is green—to wit, the strip of lawn to the west of the men's dorm, the place in back of Comstock, and a part of the formal garden. And then again, the buds on the trees are swelling and bursting, exhuming a fragrance, elusive and sweet—tra-la-la.

But these are mere superficial things, characteristic of any environment at this time of the year. There are other, and far truer signs of spring which are confined to a college campus. It starts in the Training School, with a weekly class in social dancing. The chief aim and function of this class (all good classes have them) is to teach the juniors and seniors the rudiments of the art of Terpsichore—at least enough so that they can glide, dip, gallop, and stomp around at the Prom. Upstairs the spring operetta is in full swing—with gestures, blatting of songs, jigs and potential Duses and Garricks blended into a weird composite.

At the college proper, there are unmistakable signs. As we have learned, all evolution is gradual, and in all nature we do not have sudden changes. Therefore, most people start with an old dirty white pair of last year's sport oxfords, with the final attainment of a glaring new pair. These are made evident on the feet of the girls first, for the simple reason that if a fellow should adorn his pedal extremities in such a sissy manner before Easter, the he-men would take steps to educate said sissy. But nevertheless, there are at least five men with their spring suits out of the moth balls—and two glaringly new, pearl-gray, Clark Gable models—one having seen service for over a month.

During the past months there has been a tendency towards the light spring ties. This tendency—or I suppose I should say trend—has been a result of the finest bit of missionary work as yet accomplished on this campus. For lo, the protesting male sex finds itself adorned with a tie, and willy-nilly, a collar and shirt, for it is very impractical to wear a tie with a sweat shirt turned backwards. The laugh is on the males, for they have fallen for the spring ties.

Aside from clothes, there is the appearance of tennis and golf to mark the entrance of the spring season. And speaking of tennis—ping-pong is a major sport with an entrancing couple event which shows the registration of many pairs. Speaking of couples (as who isn't) here is the surest sign of spring. Of course, such a romantic institution as the teachers college always shows a certain amount of "going together," but at the arrival of warm weather—words fail. It may be that the improved weather conditions makes it possible to walk rather than taxi, but the "steadies" are piling up thick and fast. A visit to the library reveals the new romances billing and cooling and helping each other study. And then they are ejected from the library. There's no place to go, because the lockers are shoved against the radiators, eliminating that rendezvous. So they walk around the campus. Over the campus and through the gates, to the College Club they go—if the boy-friend has a dime. They sit at the Club and whisper sweet nothings over a cup of java, at peace with all the world.

So life goes on—each year the unmistakable signs of spring appear, a portent of the fact that customs and times don't change much anyway.

to myself. Opposite mine, another was occupied by two girls of eleven and thirteen. At the foot of my bed, but separated from it by a curtain, was a bed containing a bunch of small boys—how many, I have forgotten. Also, aside from providing sleeping quarters, the upstairs was a storage room. Seed corn hung from the rafters, also summer sausage. There were also bags of wool to be spun by the mother during the long winter evenings. On awakening in the morning after a blizzard night we grew accustomed to the sight of little drifts of snow here and there upon the bed. Don't infer from this that we were cold—not a bit of it—we slept in feather beds. I early learned that on arising, I must be careful to arise on the front side of the bed. Two or three good bumps from coming rather forcibly in contact with the rafters was all the reminder that was necessary.

My school and school work were most enjoyable. The cheerful schoolroom with the morning sun streaming in upon the rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed group—the girls with their fat braids of yellow hair—call up pleasant memories. As for discipline problems, we had none. I have always found German children the most docile and obedient of any I have ever dealt with.

You may wonder what there could be of pleasure in recalling such a bare, rather drab existence; however, nothing is bare, drab, uninteresting unless we choose to make it so, and one of the most prized possessions of youth is to be able to gaze upon the world through rose-tinted glasses.

ATHLETIC CARNIVAL TO BE HELD FRIDAY, MAY 10

Tap Chorus, Singing, Tumbling, And Clowns Will Feature Display

Marco Gotta And His Breadwinners To Supply Rhythm For "Jitney Dance"

(by Carl Fridlund)

A pleasant treat is in store for the Dragon students and boosters when the doors of the Physical Education building open May 10 to disclose a striking panorama of athletic performances and demonstrations coupled with the carefree and spontaneous spirit of a carnival.

This project is sponsored by the men's "M" Club, an organization of the College lettermen, to provide sufficient funds to be used in the purchasing of awards to be made to graduating letter winners.

A number of vaudeville acts are scheduled with each one worth the price of admission to this gala event. There will be acrobatic dancing, tumbling, singing, tap choruses, clowns and everything else that is needed to provide for three hours of pure enjoyment.

A novel feature of the Athletic Carnival is the "Jitney Dance" at which dancing will be held in the small gymnasium for just one nickel a dance to the hot rhythm of "Marco Gotta and His Breadwinners." This novelty is expected to swell the empty coffers by reason of its popular appeal to college students.

Helen Peoples, of the talented Peoples, will give her popular acrobatic dance that has so delighted the Dragon followers and her act will no doubt be received with well merited approval.

All in all, the Athletic Carnival will be one of the feature events of the spring term and a capacity crowd is expected to jam its way into the Dragon stronghold a week from today.

The admission price has been set at 25 cents for adults and 10 cents for College and high school students. Following is the list of great and glorious attractions that await your approval, together with the students in charge: German Band, Marco Gotta; pep squad, Herbie Lange; tumbling, Joe Edlund; ping-pong, Marconeri; wrestling, Walt Mikulich; acrobatic dance, Helen Peoples; swimming meet, Joe Edlund, Dave DuVall; Sissy football, Art Berlin; quartet, Sloppy Four; drill squad, Serbin; tap chorus, Burke; clowns, DuVall; booths, R. Monson and Carl Fridlund; pyramids, Bjerkness; and publicity, Fridlund.

Dragon Squad To Open Track Season Tomorrow

Opening the 1935 track season, the Dragon tracksters will hold a practice meet tomorrow in preparation for their invitational meet at Memorial Field, May 11. Invitations have been sent to Wahpeton Science School, Mayville State Teachers College, Bemidji State Teachers, Valley City Teachers and Jamestown Colleges. Last week's meet at Aberdeen from which the Dragon squad withdrew, was won by Aberdeen College. Some of the possible Dragon entries in the meet include: Rife, Yatchak, Burke, Gotta and Englestad in the dashes; Harris and Aho in the 880-yard run; Elmer Johnson and Vincent Yatchak in the hurdle races; Schraeder, Bjerkness, Yatchak, and DuVall in the weight events; and Aho, Yatchak, Cook and Edlund in the high jump and pole vaulting departments.

State blue laws prevented a student dramatic group at Penn State College from practicing or moving scenery on a Sunday.

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Nemzek-Smith Pair Capture Ping Pong Crown With Win Over Eastman-Rowan

Playing in top form, "Sliv" Nemzek and Jimmy Smith (Sullivan) nosed out Ed Eastman and Web Rowan for the ping-pong doubles championship of the College last Wednesday afternoon. The games were hotly contested throughout, but the runners-up claim to have been caught on an off day, although they did find their stride late in the third game only to lose it entirely in the final game. The scores were 21-19, 21-18, 14-21, 21-17. Alex (Sliv) Nemzek was critically (?) injured in the last game as he lunged across the floor after one of East-

man's terrific forehand drives. His condition is problematical.

Nemzek and Smith gained a berth in the finals by successive victories over Marconeri-Gilpin and W. Brown-Cocking. The Eastman-Rowan duo coasted into the finals by swamping H. Brown and Scheela in the first round and trouncing Wallace and Englestad in the semi-finals. Wallace and Englestad put up a game battle, and carried the match into three games before the winners applied the pressure to clinch the finals berth.

Rejuvenated Dragons Prepare For Baseball Battle With Soix In City Park Tomorrow

Pitchers Stefanik, Schraeder, Matthews Likely To See Service Against Veteran Dakotans

As the New York Giants and the Cleveland Indians battle to maintain their leads in the National league, the rejuvenated Dragon baseball team prepares for its first big game with the University of North Dakota tomorrow at 4:00 p. m. The game will be played at the Northern League Park in Moorhead.

From the far north—at least as far north as Grand Forks—comes word that the Sioux of the U. of N. D. have tacked on their war bonnets and have called out their veterans for a scalp party in the Dragon lair. With a strong team of last year's veterans, the University will prove a stout obstacle to the Dragons.

However, the Dragons have been practicing up and will have a well-rounded outfit on the diamond tomorrow. When the Sioux come up to bat, an old school-mate will confront them with his curves and speedballs in the form of Harry Schraeder. Other moundsmen who will see service are Scott Matthews and John Stefanik. Stiffy is the lone southpaw hurler of the group. Catching for the trio will be Berlin, Matthews, Martin and Richardson. The infield presents a well-balanced aggregation with Mikulich at first, Martin at second, Scheela at shortstop, Wohlwend or Meyers at third. Ranging the outfield are Miller, Yatchak, Gilbert, Ross Stephens, Wallace and Englestad.

Several Dragons have showed up well in hitting with Scheela and Mikulich well in the fore. Martin, Wohlwend and Schraeder have also been doing nicely with the horsehide pellet.

A return game with the University of North Dakota is to be played, the date not fixed as yet. Other games will be played with the fraternities at the N. D. A. C. and with Fargo leagues.

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Ann Meyers Elected President Of W.A.A.

Askegaard, Hoag, Meland, Meyers, And Vinette Receive Sweaters

Ann Meyers was elected president of the Women's Athletic Association for next year at a meeting Monday evening. Other officers elected are: Vice president, Hazel Anderson; secretary, Eleanor Larson; treasurer, Elsie Raer. Sport captains for next year were also elected. They are: Swimming, Doris Thysell; hockey, Lucille Bergerud; kickball, Pauline Eddy; basketball, Florence Moen; and baseball, Betty Hoag.

Those girls who received "M's" for having earned 1,000 points are: Irene Wicklund, Virgil Peterson, Mae Thortvedt, Cleora Schiedt, and Edna Johnson. White sweaters were awarded to the girls who have earned 2,000 points. These are Betty Hoag, Grace Meland, Ann Meyers, Rachel Askegaard and Naomi Vinette. Miss Frick presented the awards.

Plans for the W. A. A. Spring Sport Dance to be given Saturday, May 11, were discussed and committees appointed. These committees are: Orchestra, Naomi Vinette, Barbara Gutzler; programs, Ann Meyers, Elsie Raer; invitations, Grace Meland and Cleora Schiedt; and frappe, Jean Davnie.

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Believe It Or Not: Kittenball Aspires To Squelch Faculty

Deacon Scheela, in charge of kittenball, has in his hands the instrument by which he can dethrone the faculty for a day or two. "Ha!" quoth the Deacon, "what pleasure it will be when I organize my 'razzing' section for the benefit of Dr. Archer and Mr. Kise. I only wish the females of the faculty could play kittenball."

In a nutshell, Deacon Scheela and Squire Marconeri have plans ready for a kittenball tournament to be played between classes, with the winners having the honor of squelching the faculty team. With such a prize to work for, the contests should be fought with great gusto.

Perhaps we should give the faculty a chance to voice their opinions, but not this reporter—not this follower of Hitler and Mussolini. When faculties are squelched, let them be squelched completely. And may the battle between professors and peds live permanently as a campus activity. Hurray for Hitler, Stalin, and the undergrads!

See next week's MISTIC for definite details. The games will be played following the end of the spring football activities.

Eight Schools Invited To Play Day Here Tomorrow

Eight high schools in this section of the state have been invited to participate in a track and field meet for the boys and a play day for the girls, to be held here tomorrow. The schools which have been invited to attend are: Hawley, Breckenridge, Fergus Falls, Detroit Lakes, Barnesville, Glyndon, Dilworth and Moorhead High.

The College High School will act as hosts for the day, with the W. A. A. taking charge of the girls' events.

Will Rogers, Jr., son of the famous humorist, won a Pacific coast speech contest recently as a representative of Stanford University (Palo Alto, Calif.).

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Northern Lights
WITH THE CHILLY WEATHER, IT MAY BE A TRIFLE UNSEASONABLE TO BE CHATTERING ABOUT TRACK, BUT SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE TO BOOST THE THINLY CLAD BOYS ALONG.

In this sector the track meets will not get into full swing for a week or so but the lookouts in the sports cunning tower are watching "Sliv's" prospects.

IN TALKING A FEW MINUTES WITH THE DRAGON MENTOR HE SAYS THAT ANYONE WHO DOES NOT BELIEVE THAT THE SCARLET AND WHITE WILL BE A CINDER PATH THREAT IS SOAKING WET.

After watching the Dragon workout we believe that "Sliv's" wonders will be able to hold their own when the Battle of the Seanties is on.

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Amphion Presents Last Lyceum Program

(Continued from page 1)
versity and in Washington, Chicago, and Minneapolis.

Internationally Famous
Vast throngs, applauded earnestly and loudly in New York as the Amphion Chorus performed in the Town Hall and at the Athletic Club. Following Friday's concert Roderik Cross, one of New York's greatest voice teachers, remarked: "I have heard all of the internationally famous choruses, and the only one which compares with Amphion in tone production is the Vatican Choir of St. Peter's church in Rome." The Washington Post, Burleigh, writer of "Deep River," and Gulon, composer of "Home on the Range," were particularly enthusiastic about the chorus and praised it lavishly.

The last appearance on the tour will be given on Sunday evening, May 5, in the Central Lutheran church of Minneapolis. The chorus will arrive home about 7 a. m., May 6.

There will be no reserved tickets for the lyceum performance. Activity tickets will admit students; other tickets are 50 cents.

VERNON SCHRANZ ELECTED I. R. C. PRESIDENT

Vernon Schranz was elected president of the International Relations Club at a regular meeting Monday for the coming year, succeeding Edward Eastman. Other officers named were Marcus Gordon, vice president; Maynard Tvedt, treasurer; John Chisholm, secretary; and Luverne Lewis, librarian.

Members of the club presented a program Tuesday evening before the Forum Club in the Fine Arts Clubhouse, Fargo. John Chisholm, vice president of the group, presided. The discussion centered around the Mississippi Valley I. R. C. conference held recently in St. Paul at which these students were present.

FRENCH CLUB WILL HOLD LUNCHEON THURSDAY

A French Club luncheon will be held Thursday noon, May 9, in the Hollyhock Room. Ruth Stenerson and Jenny Williams are in charge of the arrangements.

BETA CHI'S HOLD SPECIAL INITIATION SERVICE

The Beta Chi sorority held special initiation services Wednesday evening in Ingleside for Clara Carter, Fargo, and Clarice Haukebo, Underwood, with Ruth Stenerson in general charge. A business meeting followed at which plans for the spring dance were discussed.

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~ SOCIETIES ~

Thirteen Fledglings Get Owl Second Degree Rites

One of the big events of the year for the Owls, their Second Degree, will be held this weekend. The main program, Saturday night in Weld Hall, will be presented by the 13 fledglings: Joe Brula, cock fledgling; Orin Rife, Rudolph Kangas, Seymour Miller, Jesse Foster, Elmer Johnson, Charles Cook, Carl Fridlund, Erling Herman, John Wilson, Floyd Temple, Clifford Anderson and Warney Swenson. Many alumni members are expected to be back for it. At the conclusion of the program the fledglings will be dubbed "Plumed and Crested Owls."

GAMMA NU SORORITY TO HONOR SENIOR GUESTS

Senior members of the Gamma Nu sorority are to be honored guests at the spring formal which is to be held Friday evening, May 17, at the Fargo Country Club. In charge of arrangements are Mildred Lee, Betty Brown, Jeanette Thompson and Lucille Weir.

KAPPA DELTA PI INITIATES FIVE MEMBERS

Five new members were initiated into Kappa Delta Pi, national honorary educational fraternity, at a meeting held in Ingleside Saturday, April 27. The initiates are Signe Olson, Florence Williams, Maynard Tvedt, Elizabeth Hoag, and Marcus Gordon. At a banquet held in the Hollyhock Room later in the evening new officers were elected for the coming year. Signe Olson was chosen president; Vernon Schranz, vice president; Alice Corneliusen, secretary - treasurer; Marcus Gordon, recorder; and Maynard Tvedt, reporter.

On Wednesday faculty members of Kappa Delta Pi entertained the group at a May Day breakfast celebrating the organization's fourth year on the campus. At the breakfast the new officers were installed.

ALPHA PSI OMEGA TO HOLD BANQUET THURSDAY

At the meeting of the Alpha Psi Omega Thursday plans were made for a banquet to be held May 9 in the Hollyhock Room. Miss Dahl and Miss Tainter will act as hostesses. This will be the final meeting of the year, and an election of officers will take place.

Barbara Gutzler Elected Psi Delt Sorority Leader

Barbara Gutzler, Park Rapids, was elected president of the Psi Delta Kappa sorority for next year at a meeting Wednesday evening. She succeeds Frances Olson, Fargo. Other officers elected are Ruth Story, Fargo, vice president; Lorraine Hendrickson, Fargo, recording secretary; Elsie Raer, Moorhead, treasurer; Neva Haugen, McVillage, N. D., corresponding secretary; Signe Henjum, Hoffman, rushing captain; and Frances Olson, Fargo, inter-sorority council representative. These girls will hold office for one year. Installation of the new officers was held following the meeting.

The committee in charge of arrangements consists of Elsie Raer, Barbara Gutzler, Vivian Larson and Gladys Flom.

PI MU PHI SORORITY ENTERTAINS IN INGLESIDE

The members of the Pi Mu Phi sorority entertained the faculty and patronesses Wednesday from 4:00 to 5:30 o'clock, in Ingleside. Receiving the guests were Nina Jorgensen, president, and Miss Williams, advisor; Uva Cortwright and Irene York presided at the tea tables. The committee in charge of arrangements included Uva Cortright, Signe Olson and Irene York. Musical numbers were played and sung by Helen Quande, Beulah Lund, Doris Helland and Gretchen Rehfeld.

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Affiliated Schools To Hold Play Day May 9

The annual festivities of Play Day will be held on our campus Friday, May 9, in which the seven affiliated schools will take part. The students of the schools will gather on the campus in the morning. At eleven o'clock in the auditorium surprise stunts will be presented by different groups and some time will be devoted to community singing. At noon a picnic lunch will be held on the grounds of the campus. The afternoon will be spent in games in which Miss Frick and students of the physical education department will take charge.

Miss Anna Swenson and Mr. O. R. Sande of the state department of education will spend the day attending the events.

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